

Halo: The Aftermath
by Prophet of Mercy26

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Summary: It is 50 years after the end of the HumanCovenant War...

1. Prologue

Prologue

It is 50 years after End of the Human-Covenant War and the battle of Earth. The Ark was activated and many Covenant, elites and brutes alike, were killed, not to mention many other humans. Many civilians retreated to some of the few shield worlds along with many others of the allied Covenant forces. The Arbiter, and the few other higher council and superior class elites and officers took refuge in the Ark where they were shielded from its blast. After three months, a small amount of Refugees came out of hiding to find Earth barren and lifeless. Unfortunately in the war most of Earth was destroyed. Only a small portion of the land was Humane; all else was toxic and lethal. The humans decided to move their home world to a planet called Victorious Exultation named after the Covenant. This planet was one of the few shield-worlds the humans stayed on. The humans stayed on this world and moved out to different worlds lead by Major Avery Johnson, Vice Admiral Miranda Keyes and Admiral Lewis Peterson. After the war the remaining prophets, brutes, drones, and jackals were exiled to different containment centers on different planets. These covenant warriors were forever called The Exiled. The Day belonged to the Elites. Now accompanied by the Grunts and Huntersâ€!

2. Chapter 1

Section I: The Uprising

Chapter I: The Prophet of Righteousness

The two drop ships zipped through the atmosphere of Containment

Installation 0013 dodging flying chunks of conspicuous flying objects. The drop ships landed serenely on the crudely made drop pad near the Containments centers main detention facility.

" I have some more prisoners for you," the elite muttered " eight brutes, 4 jackals, and one so called Prophet of Righteousness"

" Huh Righteousness ay, splendid!" the elite prison guard said sarcastically. The prison guard roughly drew the chained brutes from the drop ships.

" I will not stand it," the Prophet of Righteousness said.

" Thisâ€|thisâ€|is heresy," he said angrily.

" Shut up prophet you are the ones that have led us to a doomed existence" The prison guard replied.

The guard led them through the automatic sliding doors. The guard instantly growled. The overwhelming sent of brute and these jackals was just too much. He pressed a series of numbers into a keypad next to a blue florescent shield like door. The door instantly vanished and he shoved the prisoners inside there. He pushed a button and the door instantly came back to life. The guard instantly retreated to his post by the corner of the examination room. The good thing about this part was that it was quite dark in the corners so it was possible that he could close his eyes and sleep and no one would notice. He tried to keep watch but he couldn't. His eyelids started to slowly sink. He became sleepier and sleepier. It seemed that he had only slept for at least 5 minutes when all of a there was a growl

" Carree what do you think your doing."

" Don't you think I haven't seen you napping all the time" the other elite guard said.

"This apathy has gone far enough, prepare yourself," he said angrily. He whipped out his stun baton putting it on neutral.

" I will gladly fight you Rohammee" Carree replied whipping out his baton and doing the same thing. They slowly circled around each other.

The tension grew and grew upon itself until all of a sudden Rohammee lunged at Carree. Carree skillfully sidestepped him and brought his baton hard down on Rohammee's left calf. Instantaneously Rohammee fell to the ground howling in pain. Carree went over to him thinking it was over, but Rohammee surprisingly got up and used an uppercut with his baton. It landed squarely right under Carree's mandibles. Dazed Carree teetered back and hit the wall. Rohammee rounded on him and quickly dealt a vicious back slap to his face. Carree couldn't think straight his head was swimming. Rohammee raised his baton and at that instant Carree's vision refocused. He quickly thrust up towards Rohammee's chest. Knocking the air out of him and making him tumble backwards. He dealt three more quick blows; two to the chest and one to his right shoulder. As Rohammee fell to the ground Carree turned his baton to stun and brought it down upon Rohammee's head. There was a solid thunk and Rohammee collapsed unmoving to the ground. Exhausted Carree went back to his post and asked a watching

grunt to take Rohammee to the medical bay

"It has been along time my brothers" Righteousness said.

" We should rise up and free our other brethren in their camps," he said again.

" It's no use we cannot fight the elites they have all the weapons" a brute replied.

" You do not need weapons, you are brutes" Righteousness said.

" You are much stronger than any elite," he said. He said

" You must not succumb to this, remember you were the once brave and noble brutes!"

" Hmm not anymore" a brute replied.

Righteousness replied " stop it I say stop your complaining and remember what you are, brutes!"

"But there is | yes there is a way" Righteousness said interrupting the brute.

" Remember your battles, remember everything" Righteousness said.

Righteousness continued " Remember how you slaughtered the humans and the elites, remember!"

" Remember this and your heart will become strong and we, not the elites, will purge the path into the Great Beyond," he said.

" You're right, yes we are the mighty brutes" a brute replied.

" We did slaughter the humans and the elites," the brute continued.

" I ,Caucascus, swear to thee o Prophet of Righteousness that I will support you in the campaign against the humans and elites" he continued.

" Yes we will too" murmured some other brutes.

More brutes started yelling stronger and stronger "We will aid in the rebellion!"

Righteousness and the brutes say in unison "Because we are The Exiled!!!!"

3. Chapter 2

Chapter II: Caucascus's Plan

" Come brothers, come and circle around me!" Caucascus said.

The brutes and jackals slowly got to their feet and lumbered over to where Caucascus and Righteousness was standing.

" Listen my brethren I have a plan for getting out of this dump" he said looking around the room.

" The plan must take place when it is time to eat or it won't work" he said.

" The guards will come in and give us our food," he continued.

" We will eat quietly till Righteousness says ' we will burn a path into the Great Beyond'" he said

" That is when we must spring!" he said.

" We will bash in the guards' skulls and run for the transport located at the Northeast corner," he said slamming his fist on the table, which was quite hard to do since he was wearing shackles.

There was a loud cheer of approval from the jackals and brutes.

" Lunch time!" said one of the guards growling.

All of the brutes and jackals seem to tense up. The little robotic dolly went back and forth bringing the trays to every brute and jackal in the room. After the dollies had served all the food they left and the guards came in to keep watch; four minor elites (blue) and one major elite (red).

All of a sudden Righteousness shouted, " we will burn a path into the Great Beyond!"

Six brutes instantly jumped at the nearest guard bringing their 8-pound fists crashing down on the guard's skull. The guard instantly crumpled to the ground. There was bewilderment in the eyes of the guards for just the briefest of seconds before they refocused taking out their stun batons. Putting the batons to stun the elites lunged at the oncoming brutes and jackals.

Major Karamee whipped out his plasma pistol and fired accurate shots at the oncoming brute. The first three shots sizzled away some of the flesh on his chest, but the last bolt made a direct hit to his unprotected face. The brute roared and fell to the ground twitching once than dieing. There were just to many of them Karamee thought. I need to call for reinforcements he thought. Backing away to a corner he sent a transmission over the concom (containment communications). A couple seconds later a group of elites received the transmission and reported that they were on their way.

One by one the elites went down till there were only three left; two minors and Karamee. 'Damn it' thought Karamee ' why weren't they here?' As if on cue eight elites, six minors and two majors, came through the door guns blazing. Along with the reinforcements the elites were able to stop the uproar and locked each brute and jackal in a cell. The tattered and defeated brutes just obeyed and sat in their cells. Their fighting spirit had been extinguished once again.

" Ha-ha look at those brutes!" a guard said

" They seem to be getting worse and worse" he continued

The other guard laughed and walked off down the catwalk. The guard then came upon and interesting scene. There were three minor grunts (yellow) playing one of the Covenant's oldest games for the grunts "Suicide". The whole point of the game was for grunts to basically see how long they would last with out their breathers. Also to make it harder they would have the grunts perform certain tasks with the breathers off and see if they finish it. It was fun if you won because you didn't die. Another version of this game was only for elites where they would go in this room and the air would be sucked out just like in space. The elite would basically have to do the same thing the grunts would do, but of course harder. Of course this game wasn't played very much with the elites because they weren't expendable.

The guard was walking up just as one of the grunts was saying " Now it's your turn!"

The guard went and sat at the makeshift chair to watch the "festivities".

The grunt being challenged had to carry six plasma pistols about ten meters away while only being able to carry two at a time.

The grunt was nervous, but he had no choice. He volunteered to play the game.

He picked up two pistols and one of the grunts quickly unlatched his breather

He was off!

Waddling as fast as he could the grunt carried the two pistols in about a total of twenty seconds. That means at this rate it would take him a whole minute. Could he make it?

The grunt quickly picked up the next couple of pistols and waddled back. By the time he came back his skin was starting to turn a sickly purplish color. He carried the last pistols over there and ran as fast as he could back. He reached back just in time and quickly slapped his breather on his face.

He breathed long and hard for at least a good minute. Trying to get all the methane he lost during the contest back in his body.

For a prize one of the grunts gave him a little piece of metal that was carved in the shape of one of their breathers.

The grunt proudly accepted it and the game was over.

It was a good evening for a ride thought one of the elite guards.

He walked over to one of his pals and said " Hey you want to take ride in the banshees."

" Sure" replied his friend.

They walked to one of the docking areas and straddled themselves inside the banshee. Once ready they flew off into the remnants of

what was left of the world that contained Containment Installation 0013.

Every lunch a group of brutes or jackals were allowed to take the elevator in their eating room to the top where they could walk around in the fresh air.

The elites had no worry about them escaping from there because the drop was a good 50-80 meters. Also the elevator only went up to the top floor or down to the eating room.

This time it was Caucasus's turn along with about three other brutes. They took the elevator and went to the top floor.

Once up there they wandered around and basically looked out at the scenery.

After about fifteen minutes the brutes became bored and they went back down stairs. Caucasus was the only one left up there.

He walked a little more and decided to lean against one of the poles facing the opposite of the original entry direction

" Lets stop there" one of the guards said over one of the private concom channels.

" I agree," replied the other elite.

The two elites touched down surprisingly on the roof Caucasus was on. Really actually the only reason they landed there was because they hadn't seen him since he was facing the other way and was behind a pole.

After they touched down they turned around with their backs facing Caucasus's direction. He instantly came up with a plan.

" Why don't I go and knock them out, go tell everyone, and take the banshees" he said to himself.

" Maybe just maybe I'll be able to pull this off," he said.

He snuck quietly up behind one of the elites and using his shackled fists he bashed in the elites skull.

The other elite was surprised and tried to raise his baton, but before he got a chance Caucasus was already upon him. Caucasus kept raising his fist and bringing them down until he was certain he had killed him

Satisfied that he was dead he grabbed one of the guards fallen plasma pistols and using his feet he fired a shot at the shackles on his wrist. They easily melted and fell apart.

He grabbed the other two stun batons and raced to the elevator. Once he got to the floor he told everybody the good news. The only bad news was that he could only take one brute right now, but he would come back for the others later.

One of the brutes volunteered and they raced back up to the elevator.

Once at the top Caucasus gave the brute one of the batons and they mounted the banshee.

They flipped the power on and the banshee came to life.

They checked the fuel and the other gauges and took off into the sunlit sky.

Now was the time to fight, now was the time to rebel!

End
file.